

THE SMOKY HILL AND REPUBLICAN UNION.

"WE JOIN OURSELVES TO NO PARTY THAT DOES NOT CARRY THE FLAG, AND KEEP STEP TO THE MUSIC OF THE UNION."

Volume II.

JUNCTION CITY, KANSAS, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1863.

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ACUTENESS OF THE DETECTIVE POLICE.

The Commercial Bulletin relates the following adventure, which illustrates at the same time the wonderful ingenuity of the London thieves and the acuteness of the detective officers:

"Several years ago the elder Perkins started from London to cross the Channel for Paris—he had with him a large sum of money, which he was to deliver to a certain banking house in Paris. Such was the magnitude of the sum that the utmost secrecy was observed, so that no person should be aware of the fact; the money was taken from the Bank of England but a few moments before departure. Col. Perkins arrived safe in Havre, and congratulated himself upon his safety and that of his treasure thus far. It was his first appearance on French soil; he knew no one, and was entirely dependent upon his letters of introduction. What was his astonishment on arriving at the gates of Paris to hear his name familiarly spoken before he had shown his passport, and not only his name but the name of the hotel to which he contemplated going. With true Yankee shrewdness, however, he concealed his astonishment. He had been at the hotel but a short time when three or four persons entered his room, and informed him that they were to hide under his bed—he demanded an explanation, they being in citizen's dress. To his still greater astonishment they informed him of the precise amount of money he had drawn from the Bank of England, and whom he was to pay it—in fact all particulars of the transaction, so much that it appeared like a revelation. In reply to his questions as to how they knew, they said nothing, they merely informed him that he had intended to put the package under his pillow, and that at a certain hour his room would be broken into and an attempt made to rob him. He was further instructed to follow out his original plan, to appear perfectly unconscious at the time as though he was asleep, and that all would be right. There was no alternative, he was but one man to four, and he quietly submitted. At the exact time mentioned he heard a noise at the door of his room, the door was finally forced, the men in the meantime keeping perfectly quiet; the perspiration stood in large cold drops upon his forehead, but he did not dare to move; the two cowers approached the bed, lifted the pillow, with his head upon it, abstracted the treasure, and were about starting for the door, when those under the bed started and seized them—they were the gen-d'armes. This story was told by Col. Perkins himself at a dinner table, where the late John Quincy Adams was telling an adventure almost similar.

A dispute having arisen at an Italian court between a lawyer and doctor, as to which should walk first in a public procession, it was referred to the court for judgment, who gave it in favor of the lawyer, on the ground that the rogue should always precede the executioner.

"My son, would you suppose the Lord's prayer could be engraved in a space no larger than the area of a half dime?" "Well, yes, father, if a half dime is as large in everybody's eye as it is in yours, I think there would be no difficulty in putting it in about four times."

SCENE IN A PRINTING OFFICE.—Enter Subscriber—"I have come to pay one year's subscription in advance." Shows dollar bill. Operatives gather around to examine the currency.

Duet, editor and devil—"Oh, let us be joyful!" Exit into sanctum dancing a pas de deux.

The rebels from their boyhood up, have never learned to appreciate the bravery of anybody but themselves. They are at school now; and a good deal of whipping may be necessary in that school.

An Irishman at New Haven, having had nine children in eight years' wedlock, applied for an exemption certificate, because he could serve his country better at home.

FASHIONABLE ARRIVALS.—Hon. John L. Dale on a mule. Capt. R. C. Eden, on a visit, and several ruffs' crews "on a bust."

The Union.

JUNCTION, SATURDAY, FEB. 7, 1863.

FROM THE STATE CAPITAL.

TOPEKA, JANUARY 14, 1863.

Editors Union—A goodly crowd throngs our Capital, and the great question of the day with a stranger on his arrival is where to "hang out." The five hotels—all fairly kept—are crammed. Numerous private houses are thrown open, and stuffed with honorable humanities; and so many persons are on the streets these balmy nights, that it seems highly probable that some have settled the question by hanging out on posts, or gates, or cellar doors.

Of course, many applicants for office are here. DAN ADAMS, to all appearance, was sure of the Senate Secretaryship. But as you have learned he has been disappointed. It was a close race; but as the ten will take the nine, so twelve bangs eleven, and all beneath it. DAN had only the eleven. Nothing, of course, is doing in the Senate since its organization. THOMAS OSBORNE presides with dignity and grace. Hon. S. M. STRICKLER, so well known to you in various other capacities as a reliable and affable citizen, wears his Senatorial robes (and new store-clothes,) with ease and credit. He has made his mark already as a member of spirit and influence, and doubtless will sustain the interests of his District.

In the House, there was a general acknowledgment of defeat before coming to an election, so that the Speaker, the Speaker pro tem, Chief Clerk, Enrolling Clerk, and the Sergeant-at-Arms, were all chosen without opposition, although the competition had been active. Mr. Conn made a gallant run for Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms, receiving sixty-eight votes out of seventy-two. It is said that he runs in on his good looks, and not for his influence with his long lost brother, Judge Conn, just elevated to the Supreme Bench.

This afternoon the Governor delivered his Inaugural Address to the two houses, in joint session, according to the ancient usage. The tone of the address is earnest and manly. In spite of an impediment of speech and a manner by no means oratorical, the effect was made impressive by the Governor's decision and boldness. There was a crowded audience, and but one opinion was entertained of the excellence of the Address, save on the part perhaps of some sympathizers with treason, to whom the Governor's hostility to treason and slavery became wornwood. Yours, NIX.

TOPEKA, JANUARY 28, 1863.

Editors Union—The first thing that strikes one on coming into this lovely town, is the wind; the next thing is the murky atmosphere. The sky is one vast sheet of leaden clouds, and has been for about a half a dozen days in each week. The efforts at gaiety are consequently to some extent depressed. Everything feels dull, looks dull, and is dull—dull as your scissors. To be sure, the Methodists, the Congregationalists, and the Episcopalians, each hold a weekly "sociable," where everybody stands (or sits) around the edge of the room, and looks intensely solemn. The main object in the matter is to collect one of FARMER'S shipplasters, as a compensation for the good society and the slice of cake. Any one who appreciates these things gets his money's worth, of course.

For the more earnest minded people there is a weekly course of Temperance Lectures, and Agricultural "Class Meetings," and a Debating Society. Thus every taste is provided for. In reference to the Temperance movement, I can say that this Legislature is probably the most temperate body of that kind that Kansas has ever held. I have neither heard nor seen any disorderly or intemperate men this session.

The Legislature goes in for hard work and economy. There is such a fierce surge in the latter direction that the State is actually in all sorts of danger. For there is no hope of the passage of any bill, either to build or lease a State House, nor to employ an agent to look after our sick and wounded soldiers, nor to make appropriations to pay up our debt incurred while in a territorial condition, nor to pay off our war bonds, nor to start an Agricultural College, so as to get the ninety thousand acres offered by Congress, nor to keep the State in running order comfortably and properly.

But on the other hand, all sorts of bills, that don't talk of money, are passed, as though the idea prevailed with the members that they must earn their money in that way—and as if these voluminous enactments did not impose costs on the people. Tinkers are at work on the Constitution in twenty places; while the Civil Code and Criminal, the Revenue, School, and Redemption Acts, the tax law, and every law in the State, has some bill presented to amend it. The fun of it is, that the good-natured, but close-fisted, House, all running on the CARNET qualifications, and coming out heavy on financial propositions, (which is very well to a certain extent,) passes without hesitation bills on all other topics with a perfect looseness.

There have been discussions on the bill to reduce the rates of interest, and six and ten per cent. are decided on. The location of the University and Agricultural College, it is whispered will be carried by a compromise—Emporia to get the former and Manhattan the latter.

Local bills are numerous and successful. The Criminal Court in Leavenworth is abolished. The Court terms in the Fourth District

are to be changed, and perhaps in the Third. Certain roads are made State roads, and the Marais des Cygnes is declared not navigable.

The Senate is in labor on a contested seat from Douglas county. Under BOB STEVENS and Governor ROBINSON'S lead, the boys all got the run of the ballot-boxes there in days gone by, and they keep it up yet, it seems. Whole squads of boys, from fifteen to anything less than twenty-one, voted freely, and swore to it afterwards. The consequence is, that THORNTON is trying to cut the venerable BEAM off. As BEAM had only nine majority, it would not take a great many fraudulent votes to do it. But the trouble is, that THORNTON'S witnesses many of them voted for him, and it is now a question of calculation, not who has the majority of legal votes, but of the illegal votes. I expect the proof will lay it on the BEAM; but if evidence had been culled on both sides, no one can tell how it would have resulted, as Lawrence is a sweet-scented locality, of a truth; but instead of getting the University, it would be well to give her the penitentiary.

BOB MILLER looks very wise in his seat in the Hall, and is generally popular, as he deserves to be. His remarks are short but to the point, and his motions in time.

GORDON looks after affairs in a quiet way—says little in public, and more in private. He is sagacious and careful. FELLINGTON, of Riley, is much of the same character, but is perhaps a trifle more impulsive.

Yours, NIX.

FROM THE SECOND KANSAS.

We have received the following private letter from a friend in Lieut. STROVKA'S Howitzer Company, attached to the 2nd Kansas Cavalry, which we take the liberty to publish. The date is somewhat old, but there will be found in it many items of interest.

CAMP SECOND KAN. VOLS., CAMP HILL, ARK., JANUARY 11, 1863.

FRIEND B.—The Army of the Frontier is just in from a trip to Fort Smith and Van Buren, where General BLUNT played smash with the rebels, and, as usual, effectually "cleaned them out" and caused them to say good-bye to the above named places, and was so ungentlemanly as to give them but a very few minutes to say the parting words.

On the evening of the 26th ult. we received orders to be ready to march on the following morning at 7 o'clock, with six days cooked rations, without tents or baggage, except blankets, with but two wagons to the regiment, and those for the purpose of transporting a part of the six days' rations, and forage for stock, as it is very scarce in the mountains.

We struck tents on the morning of the 27th, and marched in the direction of Fort Smith, and at 8 o'clock in the evening we halted for the night, about twenty-three miles from Van Buren, with orders to march at 5 o'clock next morning, which we did. About 9 o'clock, twelve miles north of Van Buren, our advance encountered and drove in the pickets of a regiment of Texas cavalry, that was doing out post duty at Dripping Springs, about ten miles from Fort Smith. The Second Kansas, led by the dashing CLOON, was, as usual, in advance, while in rear of us were Generals BLUNT and HANCOCK, with their body guard, and then came all our cavalry, artillery and infantry, making in all an army of at least 10,000, all eager for the fight and a "sight" at Fort Smith.

We followed the enemy's pickets so very close that they did not have time to strike all their tents, but left them standing, while they, with their train of about twenty-five wagons, moved off in the direction of Van Buren in hot haste, leaving the road strewn with tents, trunks, mess boxes and baggage of every description, while we were pressing on after them, firing into their rear every few hundred yards. Such a chase baffles all description, and cannot be realized unless participated in. At every favorable point they would make a stand, so as to give their train time to escape, but a well directed volley from our rifles and a few shells from the Howitzers—they are always in advance—would soon dislodge them, and again both parties would be rushing pell mell over one of the roughest roads in the West, and so on until we reached Van Buren, when, a few miles below, we captured all their train and many prisoners, and completely disorganizing their whole force and scattering them in every direction.

I must give you a little description of the first entrance of the "Feds" into the city of Van Buren.

The city of Van Buren lies just at the foot of the Boston Mountains, eight miles below Fort Smith by the river, and about four by land. It occupies about fifteen hundred yards on the river and runs back to the mountains, which makes it about half a mile square. It cannot be seen as you approach it from the north, until you arrive at the top of the mountain, and then the town is in full view, stretching from your feet to the river bank. In prosperous times, when everything is flourishing, it must be a beautiful sight. You are so far above the town that every house and object can be plainly seen, while you have a full view of the valley and river for four miles or more below.

As we drove the rebels over the hill and came in full view of the city and the river, a cheer went up from our men at the sight that met their view, that must have been heard by every person in town. Three large steamers were just leaving the levee with all possible haste, while the rebel train was going down the valley at full speed, and everything in town seemed in confusion and excitement. Gen. BLUNT halted his command for a moment and then gave the word, "forward!" and away we went at full speed down the hill, through the town, and did not check a rein until we struck the levee, when CLOON, with the 2nd Kansas, turned down the river after the steamboats and train, and Gen. BLUNT with his body guard and the Howitzers turned up the levee to

stop a ferry boat that was just crossing with a load of rebels and property. The river at this point is about twelve hundred yards wide, and the boat was about two-thirds of the way across when we arrived at the landing. Gen. BLUNT halted them and ordered them back, but they not paying any attention to his orders, he ordered Lieut. STROVKA to halt them with his Howitzers, and the next minute the Lieutenant sent a 12-pound shell after them which drove the men from the helm, and the boat headed up stream, giving us a better mark, and them a better chance to get hit. The next shell burst amongst them, wounding several and killing one horse. We now ceased firing and hailed them again, but they were so frightened they commenced jumping overboard and swimming to shore, so we opened on them again, and killed three and wounded many others while they were escaping.

Our attention was now attracted by firing down the river, and looking in that direction we saw our cavalry blazing away at a large steamer that was trying to escape down the river. The firing becoming too hot, the captain ran his boat ashore on the opposite side and the men and passengers commenced jumping out and running into the woods. Gen. BLUNT ordered the Howitzers down the river at the gallop, and the captain of the boat seeing the artillery coming, hung out the white flag, and got into his small boat and came over and gave himself up, and declared his boat in our possession. Col. CLOON kept on down the river and captured two more boats and the rebel train, with quite a number of prisoners. Gen. BLUNT now took possession of the boat first captured in person, and in a few minutes she was steaming up the river and was soon along side the levee, when the "boys" gave three cheers for the Fredrick Natrebe (the name of the steamer) and her new commander.

The "Old Flag" was now run up on the staff in the public square, and for the first time since the breaking out of the war, the Stars and Stripes floated triumphantly over the city of Van Buren, while the rebel flag lay at our feet in the dust.

If any more evidence was wanting to prove the rebel Gen. Hindman a coward and a murderer, his inhuman acts upon this day, if nothing more, were sufficient to brand him a cold-blooded ruffian of the darkest dye. About three hours after we had taken the town, before our infantry and artillery had arrived, and while the streets were thronged with women and children, Hindman, in person, came up under cover of the timber on the opposite side of the river, and without the least warning opened on the town with four pieces of heavy artillery, throwing his shot and shell into the town in all directions, tearing up the houses and killing and wounding the inhabitants. Gen. BLUNT ordered his cavalry to fall back out of town, and sent an order for his batteries to come up as soon as possible. In about twenty minutes Allen's, Rabb's and Hopkins' Batteries came up and opened on the rebels, silencing their guns in less than ten minutes, killing a Lieutenant and nineteen men, and completely driving them from the woods, out of range, and that is the last that we have seen of Hindman or any of his army. The rebel artillery killed one of the 2nd Kansas and one woman and five children belonging to the town.

Gen. BLUNT sent a force across the river to Fort Smith, but the rebels had left, after burning two steamers that were loaded with sugar, for fear it would fall into our hands. They destroyed all the stores at the post, and threw many stand of arms into the river. The boats which we captured were loaded with corn and hardbread for Hindman's army, and were from Little Rock, Arkansas. They had just arrived and been ordered down the river again, Hindman's main force being some sixty miles below and still moving down. There was a rebel camp about eight miles below on the south side of the river, and just after dark, Col. Cloud with Allen's Battery went down and shelled them out, killing some and burning their tents.

The next day the infantry and a part of the artillery marched back towards Cane Hill, while BLUNT had everything of value removed from the boats and, just after dark, on the evening of the 29th, he set them all on fire and entirely destroyed them. It was a heavy blow to the rebels. Besides capturing a train of thirty wagons, fifty or more hogheads of sugar, and many other stores which we brought away, we destroyed six large steamers and two ferry boats, and a large commissary building in town. We also captured considerable stock, and fifty or more prisoners, and many small arms.

Gen. BLUNT arrived at Cane Hill on the evening of the 31st, where he met Gen. Schofield, who took command of the Army of the Frontier, and to-morrow Gen. BLUNT leaves for Kansas, for how long no one knows. Schofield does not approve of BLUNT'S course, simply because he has been winning laurels, and fighting. Since BLUNT has had command of the Army of the Frontier it has been moving and working, and always to front and victory; but now Schofield takes command and we march to the rear. The contrast is striking and significant. Which of the two Generals will the Government sustain? Colonel Weer takes command of the 1st Brigade in BLUNT'S absence. I do not think that BLUNT will take the field again, unless he is placed in command of the army he has so many times in the last two months led to victory. Who will blame him if he does not?

The Indians are all in a brigade by themselves and commanded by Phillips, who, by the way, is an excellent officer and deserves promotion. I have no idea what our destiny will be. We march to-morrow back to Elm Springs, twenty miles west of this place. Forage is very scarce, and our stock is dying off very fast. About two hundred of the 2nd Kansas are on foot. Other regiments are no better off, and it is very hard to find homes to move our artillery. The weather is quite mild. We have had no snow yet. The health of our men is quite good, and our wounded are doing well. Sergeant Morris is severely wounded and very low, but recovering slowly. Miller is dead. Downer leaves to-morrow on recruiting service.

For the Smoky Hill and Republican Union.

PURE AIR.

Do not live in unventilated rooms. Above all, do not permit your children to remain, hour after hour, in a close unventilated apartment, whose forty, or fifty, or sixty children are using up the vital air. Remember that each person destroys by breathing, a gallon of air a minute, or three hundred and sixty gallons in the six hours he is confined to the room. After the air has been expelled from the lungs it is unfit to be taken up again. By a wise arrangement, the air expelled from the lungs, and deprived of its vitality, rises, being a little lighter than the surrounding air. If there are ventilators in the upper part of the room, this impure air escapes. But in a close room, of course, it remains to poison, yes poison, the air. And what right have you to make your children inhale poison, any more than you would have to compel them to drink it?

Who does not remember, with a shudder, the Black Hole, at Calcutta? Several hundred British prisoners, confined in a small room, with only one or two little grated windows, in a sultry night. Their agonizing cries to the guard, to be removed to a more airy place, were unheeded, because, forsooth, the change could not be made without order from the Rajah, and he was asleep! Before morning, most of them were dead.

But you say, "Our children do not actually suffocate in our school-rooms." No, because, happily, the door is occasionally opened, and the pure free air rushes in with all its might. But let there be no ingress to, or ingress from, such a room for a day, the door and windows remaining closed, and your children would not go home to sicken and die—they would die on the spot as surely as the poor soldiers died in the Calcutta prison. Not only does a person's respiration injure the atmosphere in a room, but by the laws of animal life, a portion of the waste or useless matter of the system is thrown to the surface by a set of vessels having their special office, and constantly passing off what is termed insensible perspiration, helps to deteriorate the atmosphere. It is said by scientific observers, that the amount thus thrown off the system in twenty-four hours is somewhere about two pounds. If grown people will breathe an atmosphere thus loaded, it is their own affair, but to compel children, hour after hour, to inhale this pent up, unsavory effluvia, is atrocious. One after another will go home with aching heads or diseased lungs, to lie for weeks upon a sick bed, or to be carried speedily to the narrow house.

Again, I plead, give the children air—PURE AIR.

A FRIEND TO CHILDREN.

THE BATTLE FIELD OF MURFREESBORO.

Perhaps there is no picture which presents such a combination of heart rending and revolting scenes, as a battle-field immediately after a sanguinary conflict. To the inexperienced, the spectacle is an awful one. The battle-field of the battle of Stone's River is replete with incidents extraordinary and strange. Those brave men, who fell fighting for their country, and fighting against it, found graves in muddy cotton fields and in beautiful cedar groves; in unromantic corn-fields and in secluded meadows; upon the hills and in the valleys, and for miles along the stream upon the banks of which the battle fiercely raged, and from which it takes its name. The Murfreesboro pike and Chattanooga railroad divide the battle-field. Travelers upon either road, upon either hand, can gaze for three or four miles upon the picture. The first place of interest upon the right, just at present, are the ruins of a fine brick residence; beyond, upon the right and left, are the earthworks thrown up by our troops upon that dark and stormy night. From these works to town are hundreds of carcasses of horses, breakwaters, demolished houses, broken wagons and wheels, and graves. Upon the right, near the railroad, are eleven graves of the 74th Ohio; near is an equal number of the 45th Mississippi; then, side by side, farther on, repose eleven members of the 78th Pennsylvania, and eight members of the Rock City Guards. Upon the left is quite a cemetery—ninety-three prettily constructed graves, with an inscribed slab at the head of each. As you enter the ground a placard informs the reader that "This patch of ground contains the bodies of 93 soldiers, of the 15th, 16th, 18th, and 19th U. S. Infantry. Do not disturb these graves by additions or otherwise." Leaving the regulars, you next discover four graves of the 19th Illinois, and twenty-seven of the 41st Alabama. Leave the line of the railroad, travel over a spot of ground containing nearly two thousand acres, and you find like scenes everywhere. The national and the rebel dead—the old man, the strong man, and the youth; husband, father, son, and lover—all lie in a common grave. The interments, however, are most solemn, and the utmost silence prevails as the lost companion is quietly placed in his uncouth grave.—*Corr. Philadelphia Press.*

A Western paper announced the illness of its editor, piously adding—"All good paying subscribers are requested to mention him in their prayers. The others need not, 'as the prayers of the wicked avail nothing,' according to good authority."

Clair Jackson is dead. At the commencement of the rebellion he said he would take Missouri out of the Union or take her to hell. He failed to take her out of the Union, and has gone to try the other alternative.

A FULL-SIZED BIT OF NEWS.

Under the head of "The Wounded Soldier's Christmas Dinner," the Tribune thus paragraphs a day's occurring:

"Nowhere else in the world than in America could have been seen the sight which has made this holiday in Washington remarkable and memorable—the banquetting of thirty-five thousand wounded and sick soldiers upon a Christmas Dinner, spread by the hands of individual benevolence. Tables were set and abundantly and elegantly covered in the largest wards of the different hospitals. The rooms were ornamented by volunteer hands with evergreens and flowers. Volunteer waiters, gentlemen and ladies of the first families in the land, tenderly and devotedly served the wounded warriors in every hospital, waiting first on those too much injured to be moved to the tables. The feasting of this army of wounded thus honored and cared for was a touching sight. To make the festive occasion complete in most of the hospitals, hired or volunteer singers sang songs of home and of country; in others, members of Congress and Cabinet officers made speeches happily fit for the occasion, and moved socially among the tables. In one or two the President found time to bring excitement and sunshine with him among the bandaged and besetted revellers. Over seven thousand turkeys and chickens were consumed at this novel Christmas dinner."

"AFTER THE WAR."

What an Arendia of fond hopes and bright prospects are the words "after the war." It is the Utopia of young ambition where are centered the cherished schemes of a lifetime. The accomplishments of the past—the achievements, memories, endearments, that have circled round the years gone by are nothing now. They are thrown by as children outgrow their baubles, and the heart wrapt in "after the war."

What places are built, (alas! never to be peopled) "after the war." Did you ever stand in a dark corridor, and gaze away down to where a lighted chandelier throws its brilliant rays from wall to wall, and left a glorious realm at the entrance, half dark half light, to be filled out with the fairest forms of fancy? So we stand to-day and look upon after the war. After the war is a magic sentence, bearing upon the bosom of realization gaudy possibilities, noble purposes, high and holy resolves.

It came to the lukewarm heart, and kindled there the intense fires of patriotism, consuming the citizens, and raising from his ashes as the soldier.

It was the death of the old man, and the upraising of a new life; and now twelve hundred thousand bayonets gleam in the bright sun, and point their sharpened tips to every star of night—twelve hundred thousand brave hearts and true have sworn upon the altar of their country, by the memories of the dear past and the expectations of the future, to wipe out forever the foul blot of treason from the favored land of God and man—twelve hundred thousand vacant chairs at the fire-side and table—twelve hundred thousand men rent from hearts that loved them—tell a tale of fearful hope, feebly yet fondly clinging to the promised fruition of "after the war."

The little child asks: "When will pa come home?" The saddened mother replies, "after the war." The loving sister and affectionate lover tenderly sighs "after the war." It is the fearful answer of the doting father and hopeful son. Peace shall smile again "after the war." Homes shall be happy hearts reunited "after the war." How shall we pray for those whose joyous anticipations shall be changed to the darkness of a funeral pall, and whose bright sun of hope and happiness shall go down forever in the smoke of battle!

Oh! you who stay with the dear ones at home temper the hard strokes of fate to the saddened hearts, who, severed from the dearest, tenderest ties of earth, await with agonizing resignation the blessings of God, "after the war."

ROMANTIC LOVE SCENE.

'Tis past the hour of midnight. The golden glow of day, who yesterday drove his emblazoned chariot through the heavens, has ceased shining on the earth, and a black pall reigns over the lowest section of our city. Nothing is heard save the distant step of the melancholy bill-poster, as he pursues his homeward way! Suddenly a voice breaks the stillness—it is the voice of Frederick William calling upon his beloved Florence Amelia:

"Throw open the lattice, love, and look down upon the casement, for I, your dear Frederick am here."

"What brings thee at this time of the night, when all is still and gloomy?" "I come to offer thee my heart. Upon my soul I love thee—truly—wildly, passionately love thee. Dost thou reciprocate?"

The maiden blushed as she hesitated. "Ah," cried he, and the face of our hero lit up with a sardonic smile, "thou lovest another!"

"No! no! no!" cried Florence. "Then why not rush to this bosom that is bursting to receive thee?"

"Because," replied the innocent but still trembling damsel, "I'm undressed!"

A married editor rarely writes about woman. He dares not try to make her his subject since he is here.